BRITISH RULE IN JAMAICA

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

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Kingston, Jamaica, July 22—Like all of Great Britain's West Indian colonies, the island of Jamaica shows the effect of British rule. Wise statesmanship has given its attention to the building of good roads, and the result is that there is as fine a system of macadamized roads in the island as there will be found anywhere. The Jamaican roads are far ahead of those of Virginia, the oldest of the American colonies, and rank with those of Massachusetts and New Jersey. This feature has made the island a veritable paradise for American tourists, and they come here by the thousands, with automobile parties numbered by the hundreds. The poor people of Kingston, especially the small boys, think every tourist a millionaire, who wants to scatter his money broadcast, and they want to do all sorts of things for him.

As one walks through the streets of the city he will find a dozen little negroes at his heels, each one of them wanting to guide him about the city or to take him out through the suburbs on the suburban trolleys. They are the hardest crowd of boys to get rid of one ever ran into. It is one of the few disagreeable experiences on this Briton-ruled island. If you take the picture of a little Jamaica negro he is ready to charge you sixpense for posing. When a ship ties up at the dock the negro boys spend hours in the water begging the passengers to toss a coin out into the harbor and see them dive for it. They never fail to get the coin before it reaches bottom.

England allows the people of Jamaica a small amount of self-government, but in the main the government is in the hands of the crown. The people vested with power hold their offices from crown appointments, and their tenure is subject to its pleasure. As has been stated before, there are about 800,000 negroes on the island to 15,000 white people. Yet it is a white man's government. There are some negroes who vote, but they are comparatively few. There were only 8,607 voters on the registration lists at the last general election. The English point with pride to the relation which exists between the negroes and the white people, and offer their plan as a solution of the problems which confront the people. The "usual crime" is an almost unknown one on the island so far as the two races are concerned. There is no friction worth speaking of, between the races. There are two things which bring about this desirable end. In the first place the white people of the island are in absolute control. The negro is taught that so long as he goes about his business in the right way he will have no trouble, but that stern and unpitying English law will indeed make his way hard as a trangressor if he does not. Then, having no vote, the demagogue is not always appealing to his prejudices and inflaming his passions. He like a child in a well-ordered household, and on the whole he manages to get a comfortable existence with little or no friction.

In Jamaica one sees a government-owned railroad. It has a monopoly of the business of the island, and is administered as a government department. Everything runs along smoothly, but the freight and passenger rates, as well as the accommodations, are no better than the average road of its kind operated by private corporations. This road has a great deal of American capital sunk in it. For several decades a private corporation owned and operated a little eleven-mile road which it had built. The English government bought this in 1879 and operated it until 1890, building several extensions in the meantime. Then they sold the whole line to an American syndicate for $4,000,000, the syndicate agreeing to build two lines across the island, and to forfeit the road to the government in default of payment of interest on the mortgage bonds on which the capital was raised. Payments of interest were defaulted, and the property reverted to the government. It is operated at a deficit of nearly $250,000 a year.

There is a crown lands department on the island, and it is very jealous of its lands. In recent years more than 1,500 squatters have been dispossessed of their places. Much land is also forfeited for taxes. Every acre is being investigated. Until recently, 940,000 acres had been investigated, and of this 228,000 acres were forfeited to the crown. The same ratio is expected to continue until all the land of the island has been investigated. The forfeited land is chiefly located in the interior of the island, and much of it is advantageously located and suitable for new settlement, embracing some of the finest coffee lands of the island. These lands are sold to small farmers, on the most reasonable terms. Not more than fifty acres can be bought by one person. He can pay one-fifth down and the rest in ten equal annual installments. If within ten years the purchaser gets one-fifth of his land under cultivation he is remitted one-fifth of the purchase money. The government now owns about 200,000 such farms, which it will sell in this way. It is said that the stir created by the government in dispossessing squatters has resulted in similar activities on the part of individual landowners, and that they have dispossessed some 2,000 squatters since the government instituted the crusade.

The government savings banks have proved themselves to be one of the most important economic features of the island. Notwithstanding the fact that most of the inhabitants of the island are extremely poor, there are some 38,000 depositors, and the amount of deposits is nearly $1,000,000. Besides these, they have the penny savings banks, conducted by ministers of the gospel, and by teachers, to encourage thrift among the poor. They have 12,000 depositors.

The general penitentiary of the island is located at Kingston, and there are eleven acres of ground within its walls, the outer ones of which are twenty-two feet high, five feet six inches through at the base, and eighteen inches at the top. They have an old-fashioned treadmill to furnish motive power for the machinery in the pentitentiary. It was here that a mutiny was threatened during the earthquake and fire. To quell this Admiral Davis was asked to fire several blank cannon shots and to send a few marines ashore, all of which he promptly did.

As some one laid the foundation for the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of growing grain when he introduced the English sparrow into the United States, so in the mongoose the English government brought one of the greatest pests into the island it has ever known. The cane rats had become so numerous and destructive that they seriously injured the sugar crop of the island. In casting about for some means to destroy them the government hit upon the mongoose of India. He is something like the ferret of the United States. That the mongoose did destroy some rats on the sugar plantations is true. And so long as he stayed on the plantation, even though he did eat the planter's poultry and eggs, his services overbalanced his evil ways, and all went well. But he and his family gradually spread all over the island, and with their fecundity and their vagabond disposition soon developed into a great pest. Though introduced to exterminate the cane rat, it has never accomplished its task, while it has almost succeeded in exterminating all of the ground-laying and ground-feeding birds of the island. It has made poultry raising almost an impossible industry. It eats the eggs of the ground turtle, kills young pigs, lambs, and kids, eats fruit of all kinds, canes, ground provisions, fish, wild fowl, snakes, lizards, and crabs.

Not content with even this elaborate menu, the mongoose digs down into the ground for potatoes, yams, and other tuberous plants. He has practically destroyed every insect-eating bird on the island, and now ticks and other insects have become so numerous that the government is introducing more birds to take the places of those destroyed, and is putting a price upon the head of the mongoose. The resultant crusade against him is bearing fruit, though the geometrical progression of the increase makes the date of the conquest many years in the future.

England maintains a strong and well-drilled body of home troops on the island, and a few rather obsolete but none the less effective gunboats in the harbor. At Kingston there is a large encampment of soldiers, and up in the mountains at Newcastle is another camp, this being the home of the English troops. There are numerous reminders of the strength of the British government, lest the islanders forget and decide to throw off the English rule. The constabulary is a large, well organized body of rural police, which would furnish the nucleus of a government army should the natives ever decide to rebel.

But it is hardly likely that such a thing will happen soon. The reign of England is mild and beneficent. Every man on the island, white and black, is given a fair show to surround himself with such comforts and such opportunities to enjoy life as his abilities will allow. The 15,000 white people form the braces which uphold the superstructure of the island's civilization. Contrasted with conditions on the sister island of Haiti, where neither life, liberty, nor property are very secure, one sees in Jamaica the ideal sort of government for its population. The only change which is ever likely to come is the acquisition of control over the island by the United States through diplomatic channels. There are thousands of the most intelligent people of the island who would like to see the change. As it is no longer a paying investment to England, that day may come.

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To-morrow—West Indian Trade.

TALKING A REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA

"The Emmanuel Clinic, in Boston, aims not only at directly helping sufferers by well-known therapeutic measures, such as suggestion administered in a waking or hypnotic state, psycho-analysis, moral and religious re-education, and so forth, but also at helping them to help themselves," writes Rev. Samuel McComb in Harper's Bazar. "I will briefly describe a few typical cases, which may, perhaps, encourage other sufferers to set about the task of self-cure.

"A sufferer from functional insomnia was enabled to rid himself of this misery. How? First of all, the despair which sleepless nights breed was dissipated and the curability of the trouble made clear. Then the necessity for varied and congenial work in moderation was insisted on—work alternating with rest and recreation. Especially was he taught how to prepare himself for sleep. Each must decide for himself what occupation will most soothe and quiet his mind, whether a game of whist or the reading of a comic paper, or genial conversation with a friend. The sufferer will do well to spend the time preparatory to retiring in some such way.

"Finally, the patient was induced to practice the art of auto-suggestion. For fifteen minutes or so nightly he talked sleep to himself. The result of all this effort has been that he now enjoys six and sometimes seven hours' refreshing sleep."

SPOTS ON WALL PAPER.

They Can Be Removed by Dough Made of Graham Flour.

The spots that find themselves on wall paper more frequently in summer than at any other time, can be quickly and easily removed by making a stiff dough of graham flour and boiling water. Knead the dough thoroughly and break into small pieces.

As each piece is used it should be doubled in on itself so there is a clean surface at each rub. When one piece is soiled throw it away and take a fresh one.

Always rub the paper in one direction and do not go over the same surface twice.

Coming.

There is one indication on the horizon that the severe tailor-made may return to its own as it has not for nearly a decade.

FRENCH HISTORY MOVES FASHION

One essential of fashion at present seems to be that it shall be drawn from French history at some period round about the Revolution.

Paris is now reveling in the Charlotte Corday styles, perhaps fearing that the Directoire would become monotonous without some variation. The contrast is very great between the simple fichu and mob-cap fashions and the astounding luxury of the Directoire dresses to which we have become accustomed.

Young girls are particularly well suited by the former, more especially if they have the rare type of face which looks its best without a collar, because the softly-folded fichu ought to define the base of the throat without anything above it. The mob-caps are being made in lace, flowered muslin, and antique embroidery, and are tied up with colored ribbons, and perhaps a cluster of roses or cherries. They should be left transparent.

A very pretty get-up of this type seen recently had a skirt plain at the hips, but rather full below them (suggesting that the circular skirt is not far off), made in the finest white Indian muslin inserted with very large interlinked circles of fine Valenciennes above a festooned insertion of very tiny pleats. The sleeves were of muslin inserted with lace, and beneath the arms could be seen side pieces of the same, but nearly all the bodice was hidden by a fichu in the softest Saxe blue silk, which, coming from deep at the back, crossed the shoulders, following the line of the neck and widening in front, was crossed around the waist, and fastened at the back with a few loops and two long ends.

A fold or two of tulle in the same shade was the only finish around the neck, the V in front, very small to begin with, being filled up with the tulle. A dainty little cap of lace, tied up with blue ribbon and pink roses, finished the costume.

COTTON DRESSES.

Percales and ginghams are popular, and one of the former was recently seen with a tiny pinhead dot of red. It was plainly designed, but the blouse was trimmed with narrow insertion of real Cluny lace. With it was worn a broad black hat, trimmed with a big cabbage bow of white satin ribbon placed at the left of the back.

A BECOMING LITTLE DRESS.

Overblouse effects are so popular this season that every little girl wants her new frock to be built on this order. The dress sketched will appeal both to the little maids and their mothers, for it is a most becoming design, and is not at all difficult to construct. The overblouse effect is obtained by a facing, which may or may not be of contrasting material, as preferred. The waist is bloused slightly where it meets the belt, and while the latter and a bias trimming form its main decoration, the sleeve caps add appreciably to its smart appearance. The sleeves may be made in full or shorter lengths as desired. The pleated skirt has a straight lower edge, and is attached to the waist by means of the belt, thus making the dress easy to slip on. Any pretty light-weight woolen fabric is suitable for making, or a firm-textured wash goods may be used. 3 7-8 yards 27 inches wide being needed for the 6-year size. Six sizes, 3 to 8 years.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents to the Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (4398) and size wanted.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

In Joy's simple life this church loomed large. In it she had been baptized and confirmed; upon its altar, each Sunday, she had placed flowers. To her, the three-decker pulpit was sacrosanct, because from it the Word emanated for a hundred and fifty years. She had been angry when Hugo suggested that such abominations should be pulled down. A Mottisfont in this, as in many other things, she held tenaciously to any object of familiar use. Mrs. Giles Mottisfont offered to present a brass lectern; the whole family protested.

These thoughts flitted, like bats, in and out of Hugo's mind, fortifying his determination to get possession of the beloved object without making a confession that must place it hopelessly beyond his reach.

A trim parlormaid greeted him with a smile. Miss Vennable was at home, but the rector had gone upstairs to take a nap before dinner. These homely details flowed fluently from the girl's lips. Obviously she regarded Hugo as a friend of the family, and likely, no doubt, to become a son of the house. What had escaped the eyes of the protagonists was plain as print to this village maiden. Nor did she usher him into the formal drawing-room, but led the way confidently to the cosy dining-room.

Joy was talking to a lady, who sat with her back to the light, when Hugo's name was announced. Joy rose at once and held out her hand.

"I am glad to see you," she said in that tone of delightful intimacy which indicates that one steadfast friend is speaking to another. That tone she had used ever since his first visit to the rectory. Then, as he took her hand and pressed it, she lowered her candid eyes and the blood flew to her cheeks. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should call, but she was wondering what Burgess had told him. From the moment when she confessed that there was another, she had realized that the other might hear of it, and draw humiliating inferences. Fortunately, her blushes were obscured by the pink light from the shaded lamp. She turned to the lady behind her.

"Mollie, you have heard me speak of Mr. Charters?"

Hugo felt his heart stop. He had run an inconceivably reckless and stupid risk. Knowing that Mrs. Giles Mottisfont was at the Park, he had not considered the probability of meeting her at the rectory.

She held out her hand. Hugo had to come forward, and doing so such light as there was fell full upon his face. He realized instantly that Mrs. Giles identified him. Her eyes sparkled, her lips closed. Her fingers just touched his, seeming to chill him through her gloves.

Then he heard Joy's voice, soft and clear: "Father says you've been an angel to him."

He muttered something inarticulate. Mrs. Giles rose.

"I must be off," she declared. "Good-by, dear." She kissed Joye twice, with a warmth which rather surprised the girl. "Come to me whenever you can!"

Hugo moved to the door, opening it, as Mrs. Giles approached with a slow, gliding motion. He thought of her as a snake about to strike. Their eyes met; defiance in his, in hers inflexible resolution.

"Miss Vennable has talked a great deal about you, Mr. Charteris, but she forgot to mention that your Christian name is Hugo. Had she done so, I could have told her that I knew you quite well."

She bowed formally and passed out. Hugo heard the sibilant swish of her silk skirts as she crossed the hall. She had struck swiftly and surely. A murderous instinct seized him to follow and wring her neck. He felt his fingers curving inwards, while inviolate custom twisted his lips into a conventional smile, because she might look back. She did not. Conscious of having done the right thing at the right moment, Mrs. Giles was too well-bred a woman to exhibit triumph. She was very sorry for Joy, but she counted Hugo the meanest man in the kingdom, for her cousin had, indeed, talked a great deal about Mr. Reginald Charters.

He closed the door and came back into the middle of the room. Joy was looking at him with a glance so wistful, so pure, so trusting, that the evil in him withered as if touched by some white flame. The incredible had happened; she had heard and had not believed.

"Is Mollie quite mad?" she said, in a low voice.

Standing before him, her youth, the freshness of her, the virginal sweetness, the delicate rose and pearl coloring, impressed themselves forever upon his brain and heart. She might have been his—had he been worthy. Gazing at her, he noted a slight change, slight inasmuch as it was concerned with outer things; her dress, her bearing. London had put its hall-mark on her. He divined somehow that this pretty frock had been bought for him. Her hair, with its softness as of spun silk, was arranged more carefully, more in accordance with the prevailing mode. He gazed at her hungrily, as a man gazes at some dear, sweet country whose shores are fading from his sight.

The silence became atrocious.

A lump in his throat prevented speech; her face changed. Indignation was rising, white and frothing, as boiling milk; the soft curves of her figure became rigid, almost angular; the eyes began to sparkle coldly, like stars on a frosty night.

"Have you nothing to say?" she asked, coming a step nearer.

"It is true, I am Hugo Charteris."

"Oh!"

The exclamation was the one sign of weakness she betrayed. It sobbed from her throat; a low wail of anguish, the pitiful cry of a mortally wounded creature. It told him that he had slain something which could never live again; that blythe, joyous faith in her own power to recognize and acclaim good as something immeasurably apart from evil. Henceforward, good and evil to her would overlap. She would view all things and persons with blurred, doubting eyes.

Hugo seized her. At his touch she shuddered, but he held her fast.

"I love you," he said hoarsely. "I love you, do you understand? I could have killed that woman just now. Joy, I am yours. I never belonged to any one else. I swear it! And I can make you believe it, if you will give me the chance."

"Let me go!"

"I won't!" His grasp tightened fiercely. "I hold you against the world, against your own will, I say. I was silent because I thought you belonged to Burgess. But you belong to me, to me."

He kissed her madly, desperately; risking all upon that supreme appeal. She tore herself loose with a strength which amazed him. He knew afterward that her weakness, the poignant exclamation, had provoked him irresistibly. Now, with terrible conviction, he realized her strength, the spiritual strength so infinitely greater than his.

She did not say a word, but her look was enough, a look to haunt an honest man to the day of his death, so expressive was it of reproach, pain, and revulsion. She met his inflamed glance for an instant; then she put up her hands and covered her face.

Hugo went out abashed, even as Gehazi left the presence of his master.

The forest received him. He rushed into its shadowy depths, driven by the Furies. For three hours he wandered on and on. Above, the moon looked down in chill contemplation—the eternal symbol of the light without heat that reveals everything it touches and warms nothing. Her beams shone upon a world black and white, bereft of color, movement, life. The familiar forms remained, grim wraiths, waiting patiently for the animating touch of rosy-fingered Dawn.

During this pilgrimage he passed Keltic Barrows. He skirted the wood which had furnished the shingles for the roof of one of England's proudest cathedrals. Not a square foot of this wonderful domain had been untrodden by man. Monarchs had hunted here; smugglers had turned night into day; poachers had risked their lives to shoot the King's venison. These, gentle and simple, savage and sage, had lived and died, but the forest remained unchanged and unchanging.

Finally, he flung himself down upon the heather, worn out in mind and body. The wind blew keen from the high down to the northwest, the ground was hard and frozen. He was not conscious of discomfort, for misery had reached the point when sensation is paralyzed. He lay in the cold moonlight, knowing that this was his portion, that he was outcast from the only paradise he cared to enter. For the first time in his life he had seen clearly the might-have-been—a vision which leaves some indifferent, some passionately rebellious, some despairing, but none quite the same as before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Next day he left Hernshaw Parva. A few words of explanation passed between Burgess and himself. The young fellow looked the worse of the two.

"She thinks me leprous."

"But that's absurd. After a bit—"

"Young Mrs. Mottisfont was there. She gave me away."

"Oh!"

Hugo could not bring himself to go into details. And, purposely, he kept back what had followed after Mrs. Mottisfont had gone.

"I shall bolt," he said heavily. "You'll bolt too, eh? But, after a time, you'll come back. I wish you luck, Burgess. She's worth waiting for and fighting for."

Burgess raised rather a listless face.

"If she cares for you—"

"D—it, man, I've just told you I'm a leper in her eyes."

"I don't think I shall try again."

"Of course, you will. Again—and again, if necessary."

He spoke almost cheerfully, but for the first time he eyed the young fellow with a certain contempt.

"Where are you going, Charteris?"

"Out of England. I may shoot a woodcock or two in the Adriatic."

"And then—? When that decree is made absolute, eh?"

Hugo hesitated.

"I suppose I shall marry Mrs. Tempest," he muttered.

"Ah! Well, when you marry her, I shall try again."

Then they shook hands and parted.

Hugo returned to his London flat in May. Three months spent in cruising about the islands of the Adriatic had tanned his face and his sensibilities. Health and strength are astounding assets, and, unlike the great qualities of the mind, which may lie dormant under certain conditions, they have a habit of asserting themselves.

Hugo, for instance, believed that he was sound and sane because he could digest Cyprus beef and walk five and twenty miles in a day.

He came back to England to marry Angela Tempest. When he allowed his mind to dwell upon the future, which was seldom, he consoled himself with the reflection that so long as foxes ran fast and pheasants flew high he could kill time by killing them.

Pixton received him with a pleasant smile, which seemed to repeat itself upon the faces of the men at his club.

In Piccadilly one or two charming women, leaning out of their motors, waved welcoming fingers, indicating absolution. Evidently all was to be forgiven and forgotten.

Twice during the previous three months he had written to Angela, telling her curtly where he was and what he was doing. In each case, knowing that he was on the move, she had replied by telegram. Upon arrival at his flat he had found another telegram.

"Am in Paris with Poppet. Cross tomorrow or day after."

Angela, of course, was buying "things" and therefore enjoying herself. Did it trouble her that within a fortnight Poppet would have to leave her? Perhaps. The child was a sweet creature, specially designed to adore and to be adored. And she would take with her that dream of a cabinet with panels painted and signed by Angelica Kauffman.

The same afternoon, in Bond street, he came face to face with Lady Barnbogle. The august matron passed him by with exalted nose and averted eyes, but on her austere lips flickered a smile not easy to interpret. Why did she smile? Possibly a vision of Angela playing ducks and drakes with twenty thousand a year had been vouchsafed to her. He wondered vaguely what had become of John. John might have taken to drink. That was just the sort of gross, stupid thing John would do. And Poppet would have to live with him! He tried to drive the child from his mind and failed. She obsessed him—a tender, dainty little maid, with big, crystal-clear, innocent eyes, already beginning to ask questions, and alluring, fascinating manners. To think of her alone on that huge abbey with—John!

To get rid of this importunate Poppet, he dined at his club with the swashbuckling ex-major of Lancers who—it will be remembered—had predicted that Hugo's pals would stand by him. The major had been one of the first to greet the returning sinner. And as before, in his loud, jolly voice, he had proposed a bird and a bottle of the best, a magnum, of course.

They dined at a small table in the big dining-room. Close by, some young fellows were beginning a cheery evening by doing themselves "top hole." Everybody spoke to the major, and he, you may be sure, had a word or a wink for each. The boys knew more about wine and tobacco than he did, but some of the older men were not too proud to ask for his advice in regard to these high matters; advice bestowed with fitting solemnity and invariably approved by the wine butler, a portly, well-matured individual, an understudy of the major's.

After dinner, in the smoking-room, Hugo found himself surrounded by a group of red-faced roysterers, who, for reasons which they kept to themselves, chose to acclaim the wanderer as the hero of the hour. "I told you they'd stand by you, my boy," whispered the major. "One more tot of the Old Brown, and we'll nip off to the Levity. I wired for a couple of stalls."

Hugo sat, with a pleasant smile on his face, now clean shaven again, but through the ever-thickening clouds of tobacco smoke he saw Poppet's delicate features and her large, interrogating eyes.

At the Levity, one of the most popular of the music halls, Poppet, so to speak, sat on his knee with her arm round his neck, strangling him. He couldn't get rid of the child. The entertainment was neither more nor less detestable than usual. The great British public laughed and chattered and smoked while fat women and greasy men shouted silly songs set to equally silly music. A so-called Venus displayed a figure that would have excited the derision of a Paris atelier in a series of poses plastiques. With one exception the entertainment was remarkable for its vulgarity and stupidity. A scotch comedian came on to the stage. Instantly a roar of applause burst from the crowded house, succeeded by silence, as the conductor waved his baton. Not a note, not a gesture, escaped the audience. Hugo whispered to the major: "They do know what is good when they see it; why do they put up with what is so bad?"

"We all do that," the major chuckled fatly. "I like good wine, but I drink a lot of poor stuff, and the worst of it is that the poor stuff knocks us out."

After the entertainment, supper at one of the famous restaurants followed. Some genial spirits joined them; prepared to "whoop her up" in Hugo's honor. A hundred years before, these young bloods would have disturbed the peace by wrenching off door-knockers and bonneting watchmen. To-day they disturbed nothing other than their own digestions. Turned out of the restaurant by the scandalous early closing act, the party went back to the club to smoke more cigars, drink whisky and Perrier, and tell yarns. This was the major's golden hour. With a huge perfecto in his mouth and a long tumbler at his elbow, deep in a big armchair, the ex-Lancer would deliver an autobiographical sketch, full of incident and nicely seasoned to the palate of his listeners. He seemed to have been everywhere, to have known everybody, and to have done everything. His capacity for enjoyment had increased rather than diminished with advancing years. It was colossal, Rabelaisian!

Toward the close of this memorable evening, the major described a kangaroo hunt with corroborative detail due to a vivid and inflamed imagination rather than a memory admittedly the worse for wear. At the end of the narrative, he said:

"Rather a rum thing happened next day. I ran across Wilverley. You boys don't remember 'Duffer' Wilverley. He was at Harrow with me and went into the brigade. Amazin' chap! A thunderin' cricketer, and as clever as they make 'em. We called him the 'Duffer' because he was such a nailer at everything. Good lookin', too; tall, fair cove, not very unlike you, Hugo, my boy. There wasn't a more popular fellow in London than the Duffer. He brought off a queer double event: won the National on his own gee and published a poem! I'm not a judge of poetry, but fellows in the know told me it was a bit of all right. Then he disappeared, dropped out entirely. Broke? Not a bit of it. He got what the Yankees call 'cold feet.' He told me all about it over my camp fire. He was fed up with this sort of thing," the major waved an all-including arm.

"Call of the Wild?" suggested one of the company.

"That's it in one. So he cut loose. I found him on his own station, fit as a fiddle and as happy as a tomtit. He told me solemnly that he was never coming back."

Half of the young men present said emphatically that they were damned. The major muttered: "'Stronanary thing—very!" and lit his fifth cigar.

Hugo returned to his flat late. Before he went to bed, he looked at his mother's portrait. Again he found himself wondering: "Did she know?" Then he laughed, thinking of Wilverley. In the Adriatic, trying to masticate Cyprus beef, for instance, he had anticipated with pleasure this first night in town; the plunge into the pleasures of the old life. And now he had made the appalling discovery that it bored him to tears. The fun of Mayfair was no longer fun for him.

Why?

With a vague feeling of irritation, he stared at his mother's picture. She conjured up a vision of Cynthia Charteris. Then, quite plainly, he saw Joy, and then, at the last, Joy melted from his sight and the importune Poppet held up her mouth to be kissed.

Angela did not reach London upon the following day. Hugo spent the morning in the Zoological Garden, being a Fellow of the Society and well known to several of the keepers. As a boy, nothing amused him more than to stand opposite some magnificent beast and select the exact spot where he would try to place a bullet if the animal were charging. Since those days he had shot some splendid specimens, and more than one had come within an inch or two of killing him. Recalling these escapes, he wondered grimly whether the fitter animal had survived.

For a couple of hours he watched the restless creatures pacing up and down their ill-smelling dens. The polar bears, in particular, challenged his pity. One monster reared himself up and blinked at Hugo with uncanny, reproachful eyes. "You know what we are accustomed to," he seemed to say. "Isn't this sort of thing an outrage on your ridiculous civilization?" The eagles stared at him fiercely. Of all the unfortunate prisoners herded together their lot appeared to be the most unhappy and cruel. Certainly, it would be a kindness to fetch a gun and dispatch these lords of the air condemned to sit forever gazing into the sunlit spaces where once they had held undisputed sway.

Hugo searched in vain for a leopard presented by him to the society. A keeper told him it was dead.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Hugo, cheerfully. "That's the best bit of news I've had to-day."

The man touched his hat, agape with astonishment.

"I'd like to kill 'em all," said Hugo, still smiling.

Again the keeper touched his hat, but as Hugo moved on he muttered: "The blood thirsty loonatic, reg'lar butcher!"

Hugo went home, sent in his resignation to the Society, and wrote a letter to the Times. In it he suggested that the public might study zoology from subjects stuffed and classified, as in the natural history museums. The gardens, being an inferno worthy of the Dark Ages, ought to be put down by act of Parliament. It occurred to him as a happy thought that the dens might be kept for wife beaters, vivisectionists, sweaters of cheap labor, and slum landlords. The one reason which justified the existence of the gardens—to wit: its claim to be considered as a place of popular entertainment—would justify also its metamorphosis into the open-air prison for the criminals he had named. The lower classes and all the dear little ones would find it excruciatingly funny to throw bits of buns into the mouths of eminent surgeons, and no interfering keeper would rebuke 'Arriet for poking up a confirmed wife-beater with the end of her umbrella!

When he had finished the letter, he read it through, laughed, and tore it up, recognizing the fatuity of attacking British institutions.

During the afternoon he heard Esme Burgess' name. Fortune had not behaved too kindly to Esme in designing Joy Vennable to be a sister instead of a wife, but she was making amends in other ways. He had been triumphantly elected member of Parliament for a constituency in Lancashire, where the voters were not easy to please. Burgess, it seemed, had captivated the rough miners and factory hands. After the declaration of the poll an extraordinary scene of enthusiasm had taken place. Hugo's informant swore roundly that some of the lasses had surrounded the successful candidate and insisted upon kissing him, thereby following the examples of the young ladies over-seas who tried so hard to make a spangled ass out of their national hero. Hugo thought of Burgess embraced against his will, turning a blushing cheek to these bold hussies. What irony! The one woman he wanted was in the forest of Ys, and unwilling to leave it at his invitation.

Bidding Burgess good-by, Hugo had muttered a word of encouragement. Hope seemed to have oozed out of the orator, who was packing his suit-case when Hugo returned to the cottage after that terrible night spent upon the moor. Now, three months had passed. Hugo wondered whether Burgess had seen Joy, whether the old pleasant relations had been resumed. It would be easy to call upon Burgess, but incredibly difficult to speak of Joy. So Hugo remained in his flat, thinking, thinking, thinking!

But his thoughts had not crytallized into definite conclusions when next day he found himself in a lift, ascending to Angela's flat, where Angela, in the demurest frock, was awaiting him. He hoped that Poppet would be there, to save the awkwardness of the first meeting. Angela, to do her justice, had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a really unerring instinct for exits and entrances. She would not rush at him as those Lancashire lassies had rushed at poor Burgess. All the same, she might reasonably expect some exhibition of feeling, the right word, the understanding glance, the glad hand. But his knees became as wax when he thought of these things.

Laus Deo!

Poppet was there, prettier than ever, and overjoyed to see her darling Uncle Hugo. In his overwhelming gratitude, he hugged her too hard.

"I knew you'd come back," she said. "Mummie said you wouldn't, but I knew you would, because you promised."

"Well, here I am," said Hugo, speaking and feeling like a clown in a pantomime. He had assumed a sort of reckless geniality, the broad grin with which the paladins of to-day face outrageous fortune.

With Poppet hanging round his neck, he held out his hand to Angela, who had a blush upon her cheeks. Then they sat down and began to talk.

"Begin at the beginning," said Angela.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL

By HELEN ROWLAND.

Getting married is so easy that most men are suspicious of it.

A mother-in-law may be the serpent in the Garden of Eden; but if it hadn't been for the serpent whom would Adam have had to blame for all his troubles?

When two people marry they "lock their hearts together and throw away the key;" then they begin looking around for some old legal nail to pick the lock with.

Luck in love consists in getting not the person you want, but the person who wants you. If you don't believe it try being married to somebody who is not in love with you.

A man thinks that by marrying a woman he proves he loves her, and that therefore nothing more need ever be said about it.

It's not his understanding of the plot of the opera that makes a man appreciate it, but the "understanding" of the chorus ladies.

A man's idea of an engagement is a chance to find out whether or not he really enjoys kissing that particular girl.